

DOC SAVAGE

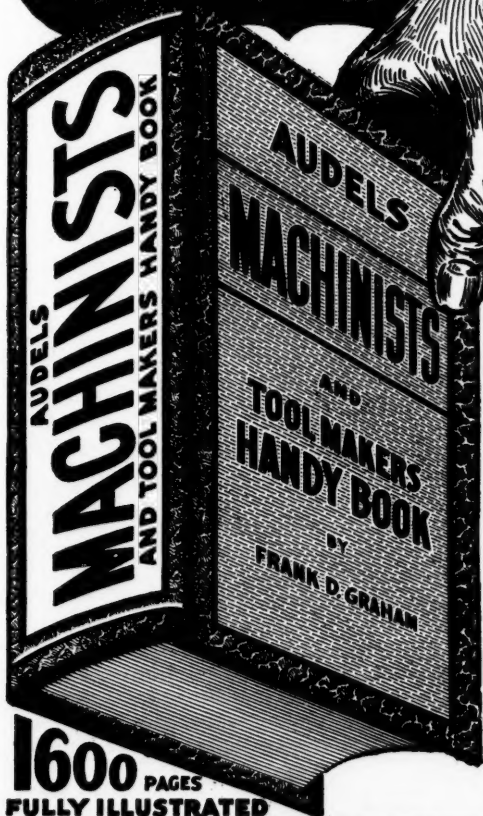
COMICS

FICTION
•
**DOC SAVAGE
ATTACKS THE
BLOOD
RAIDERS**

FACT
•
**JACK BENNY
RIDES AGAIN—
IN PERSON**



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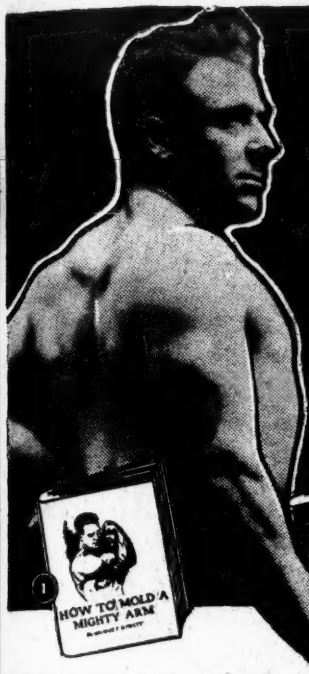
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It shone from the sacred ruby of Doc Savage.

It was hard, red, searching . . . and evil flinched from it as it would from molten lava! For only the true and the just could look upon this ruby . . . the villains of the earth could not bear it!

And now, this famous sacred ruby of Doc Savage has brought him new fame . . . over the air! Every Wednesday night at 8:03, over America's leading independent station, WMCA, DOC SAVAGE and all his friends appear just as you read about them in this magazine! Don't miss this great new dramatic show, starring

DOC SAVAGE THE MAN OF BRONZE

EVERY WEDNESDAY

OVER WMCA, NEW YORK

8:03 PM EDT

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DOC SAVAGE

THE
MAN OF
BRONZE

"A TOAST TO BLOOD!"



URONIC WAS THE TWIST OF FATE THAT ENGINEERED THE HORRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT TURNED DOC SAVAGE'S CLOSEST FRIEND AND SCIENTIFIC EQUAL INTO HIS GREATEST ENEMY AND THE ENEMY OF ALL DECENT SOCIETY! A SLIGHT CHEMICAL MISCALCULATION HAD SCARRED HIM FOR LIFE—HAD MADE HIM THE HEARTLESS DEMON—

the SKULL!!

WHAT MORE NATURAL ALLIANCE, THEREFORE, THAN THIS BLOOD-THIRSTY DEMON AND THE DEMON OF MASS HATRED AND DESTRUCTION?

HANA!... MIT YOU AT DER HELM IN SOUTH AMERICA VE SHALL ZOON HAVE EACH COUNTRY'S RIVER RED MIT BLOOD OF DER PEOPLES!

WITH SOUTH AMERICA IN OUR POWER... THE UNITED STATES IS A PUSH-OVER!



BUT I MUST REMEMBERED... WE HAV NO MONEY TO GIVE TO YOU FOR YOUR FIFTH COLUMN WORK... UNT DER DIRTY DEMOCRATIC NATIONS HASS FROZE ALL DOT VAT VE HAV HERE!

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU. I KNOW WHERE IS HIDDEN THE GREATEST WEALTH IN THE WORLD! THE SECRET MINES OF DOC SAVAGE... SOON IT WILL BE ALL OURS!



DOC SAVAGE!... DOT AMERICAN SHVINE WHO HASS RUINED EFFERY PLAN VE HAV EVER MADE... HE MUST BE KILLT... YOU HEAR ME? - KILLT!

CALM DOWN, ADOLFH... I GOT THAT ALL PLANNED, TOO!



THE HIDDEN VALLEY MINES ARE IN A JUNGLE-COVERED STRETCH OF THE MAYAN INTERIOR. THEY ARE CLOSELY GUARDED BY A TRIBE OF MAYAN INDIANS, BUT WITH MY MOTORLESS, WIND-DRIVEN PLANES, WE CAN ATTACK AND CAPTURE THEM EASILY!

YAH?... NOW?...



YAH... YAH!... UNT MAKE DER INDIANS SLAVES LIKE VE MAKE ALL PEOPLES SLAVES VICH VE CONQUER!... GOOT! BUT VAT UFF DOC SAVAGE?

OF COURSE HE'LL LEARN EVENTUALLY WHAT'S HAPPENED. BUT I HAVE THREE PLANS TO KILL HIM. IF HE ESCAPES ONE, HE'LL FALL INTO THE NEXT. BY ONE OF THEM HE'LL SURELY DIE!



TO DOC SAVAGE'S DEATH UNT DER GREATER CHERMAN REICH UFF NORTH UNT SOUTH AMERICA!!

DOWN THE HATCH!

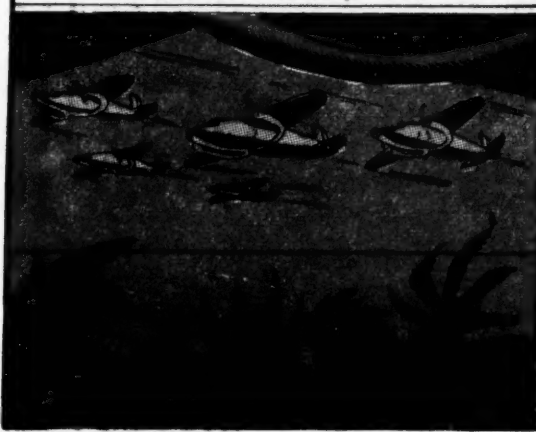


**TWO DAYS LATER,.... MIDNIGHT
AT A MAYAN COASTAL LISTENING
POST...**

HEAR
ANYTHING?

NO SIR...
THERE'S NOT A
PLANE WITHIN
200 MILES O'
HERE!

**BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DIRECTLY OVER-
HEAD PASS SIX HUGE SILENT
PLANES; MOTORLESS... DRIVEN BY
THEIR OWN WIND!**



WE COME LIKE HUGE SILENT BIRDS
OF PREY!... SWOOP TO KILL-HARDLY
SEEN... NEVER HEARD, AS WE
LEAVE DEATH IN OUR WAKE! HAHA!

**A FEW MOMENTS LATER, OVERWHAT
SEEMS TO BE DENSE JUNGLE, THE
SKULL GIVES A SIGNAL.....
PARACHUTISTS LEAP OUT!**



GO BACK AS YOU CAME...
RETURN TOMORROW
NIGHT AND WATCH
FOR A BEACON -
LIGHTED LANDING
FIELD!

I UNDERSTANDT...
HEIL HITLER!





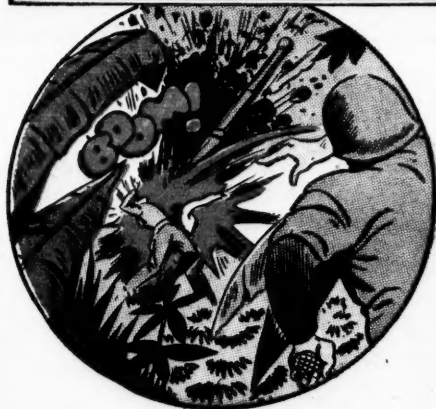
AT THE SKULL'S SIGNAL - THE NAZI
PARACHUTISTS LUNGE FOR THE KILL!



STRIKING IN TRUE NAZI FASHION - FROM
BEHIND - THE TWO PARACHUTISTS MAKE
SHORT WORK OF THE INDIAN GUARD...



THE SKULL'S KILLERS STRIKE ALL
POINTS AT ONCE!



SO SUDDEN, FIERCE AND EFFECTIVE IS THE
SKULL'S ATTACK, THAT ONLY JUAN DE
MENEREZ, DOC'S MINE SUPERINTENDENT,
ESCAPES!



WITH DOC SAVAGE'S UNLIMITED WEALTH, THE SKULL BEGINS HIS SYSTEMATIC MUTILATION OF SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES. HIS RAIDERS, IN THEIR SILENT WIND-DRIVEN PLANES, DROP FROM THE SKY WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT.



THE RAIDERS PERFORM THEIR TASKS... LOWER THAN THE BASEST BEASTS



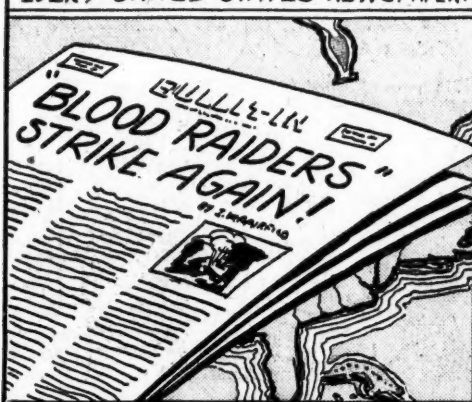
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... TOWN AFTER TOWN BECOME THE TORCHES AND FUNERAL PYRES OF TWO MAD MEN'S CRAZED HATRED AND LUST TO KILL!



AND AS THE SKULL PROMISED HITLER, THE BLOOD FROM THE GUTTERS MADE EACH COUNTRY'S RIVER RUN RED!



THE HORRIBLE TALES OF KILLING FEATURE THE HEADLINES OF EVERY UNITED STATES NEWSPAPER!



THE HORROR OF THE UNITED STATES CITIZENS MOUNTS.....

CAN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM?

WHY DON'T OUR WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENT, DO SOMETHING?

THEY SHOULD SEND HELP!



IT'S DEM NAZI BUMS, I'LL BET! SOUTH AMERICA OUGHTA CLEAN 'EM OUT!!

LAST NIGHT, TALTAL, CHILE, WAS A TOWN OF THE LIVING! TODAY IT IS EMBERS AND ASHES AND THE BLOOD OF ITS CITIZENS RUNS RED IN THE STREETS... WHO ARE THESE SILENT, INSIDIOUS KILLERS FROM THE SKY?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENT WERE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT!...

WE NEED YOUR HELP AND YOUR GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF SOUTH AMERICA TO FIND AND EXTERMINATE THE "BLOOD RAIDERS," DOC SAVAGE!

WE ARE CONVINCED THAT THEY ARE JUST A SMALL BUNCH WITH A SUPER-BRAIN BEHIND THEM!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO THIS "SUPER-BRAIN" IS?

NO... EXCEPT FOR A FEW FANTASTIC REPORTS WHICH STRANGELY DESCRIBE THE SAME WEIRD CREATURE - A MAN WHOSE HEAD LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A SKULL!



THE SKULL?... I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!





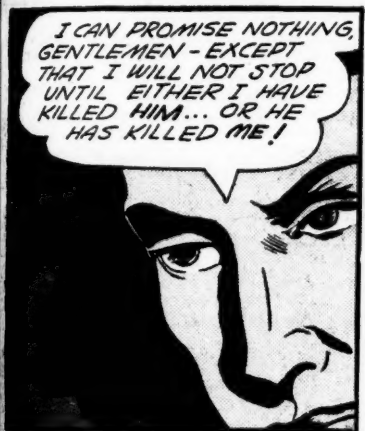
THEN YOU KNOW WHO HE IS?

HE IS A GREAT SCIENTIST, TRAINED BY MY FATHER ALONG-SIDE OF ME... AN ACCIDENT IN OUR LABORATORY SCARRED HIS FACE FOR LIFE. GAVE HIM HIS HIDEOUS APPEARANCE.... PEOPLE SHUNNED HIM...



SO HE CAME TO HATE ALL NORMAL HUMANS... HIS GREAT BRAIN AND KNOWLEDGE MAKE HIM THE MOST DEADLY MENACE IN THE WORLD TODAY!

BUT SURELY YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND BRAIN ARE A MATCH FOR HIS!



I CAN PROMISE NOTHING, GENTLEMEN - EXCEPT THAT I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL EITHER I HAVE KILLED HIM... OR HE HAS KILLED ME!



WITH MY ASSISTANTS, MONK AND HAM, I LEAVE TONIGHT FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SKULL, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA!

GOOD LUCK!

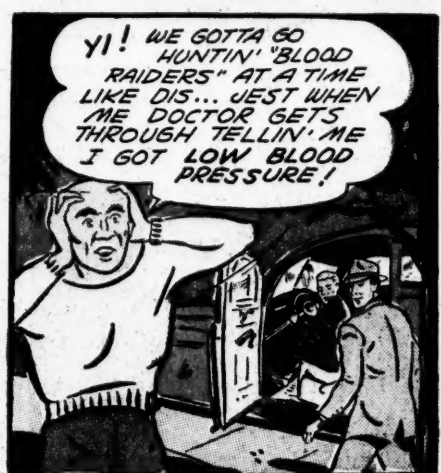
GOOD HUNTING!



WHAT'S UP, DOC?.. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A DATE WITH THE SKULL?

BRRR... DAT SKULL IS SO BAD-LOOKING HE SCARES HIS OWN SHADOW!

THE SKULL IS THE LEADER OF THE "BLOOD RAIDERS" - MUST I SAY MORE?



YI! WE GOTTA GO HUNTIN' "BLOOD RAIDERS" AT A TIME LIKE DIS... JEST WHEN ME DOCTOR GETS THROUGH TELLIN' ME I GOT LOW BLOOD PRESSURE!

**LATER, BACK AT DOC SAVAGE GHQ
IN NEW YORK...**



DOC'S CALL FLASHES SOUTH, ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO, DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE MAYAN JUNGLE. BUT IT IS NOT JUAN WHO ANSWERS!...



THIS IS THE FIRST AND LAST WARNING, DOC. STAY WHERE YOU ARE... DON'T TRY TO INTERFERE. YOU CAN'T STOP ME OR THE "BLOOD RAIDERS"...



YOU HEARD!...
YOU KNOW
THE SKULL!...
.... YOU KNOW
WHAT WE'RE
UP AGAINST!

SOUNDS
LIKE THE
TOUGHEST
JOB OF
OUR
CAREERS!

MAYBE BY DE
TIME I GETS
BACK MOITLE
WILL GIT TIRED
OF WAITIN' AN
MARRY DIS
HOMAN WHO
OWNS DE
DELICATESSEN!



SO MONK'S GONNA
GIMME THE LONG
DISTANCE "BRUSH-
OFF," EH?



I'LL HAND THAT FIRST COUSIN
TO-A-FLEA-HUNTER THE
SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!....



MYRTLE HEADS FOR THE DOC SAVAGE PRIVATE
AIRPORT WHERE DOC'S COMBINED FIGHTER-
BOMBER IS AT ALL TIMES READY FOR USE....

IT'S COITANLY
DISCOURAGIN'
WHAT A GAL'S
GOTTA GO
THRU TUH
HOOK HER
MAN THESE
DAYS!.. AH...
FER DE
GOOD ÒLE
DAYS!



YA LOOKS SIMPLY
DEVISTATIN'LY
CHAWWAIN!
TODAY, LADY
MOITLE!

OH, SIR MONK
... YOU SAY
THE NICEST
THINGS!



YOUSE IS DE FAIREST
FLOWER O'ALL DE
DAMES I HAS EVER
MET. WILLTST,
YOUSE BE
ME WIFE?

SIR MONK..
... THIS IS SO
SUDDEN!



AH, ME AN A HEY-NON-E-NON-E!... THEM WAS THE GOOD OLE DAYS!



FOR A MOMENT NOW, LET'S LEAVE MYRTLE AND LOOK IN ON THE SKULL! HE TALK'S WITH HANS STINKLER, NEW YORK AGENT OF THE BLOOD RAIDERS.

LISTEN WELL, STINKLER... PUT PLAN NO. 1 INTO OPERATION IMMEDIATELY. DON'T DARE FAIL!

I WILL REPORT DOC SAVAGE'S DEATH BEFORE MORNING... HEIL HITLER!



HANS STINKLER RELAYS THE SKULL'S MESSAGE TO HIS NAZI THUGS.....

VE, VONT.

YOU HEARD! VE MUST NOT FAIL!

NOT EFFEN DOC SAVAGE CAN SURVIVE PLAN NO. 1!



AS DOC AND HIS PALS FINALLY LEAVE FOR THE AIRPORT, THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE PRECEDED BY HANS STINKLER AND HIS MOB - AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, BY MYRTLE!

YI! WILL MOITILE BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE GETS DE NOTE I LEFT HER!

IF I KNOW MYRTLE - SHE'LL COME GUNNING FOR YOU!



G-GOSH, DOC! I NEVER TOT O' DAT. MOITILE AIN'T NO ORDINARY GAL!

YOU SAID IT, MONK. YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN - CHOOSING A FUNERAL INSTEAD OF A WEDDING!



FUNERAL!?? ULP MOITILE - YOU WOULDN'T! OHHHHH I FEEL SICK!



MYRTLE, MEANTIME, IS THE FIRST TO ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT...

'EVENIN', MISS MYRTLE. DOC COMIN' OUT TONIGHT?

YES-BUT DON'T TELL 'EM I'M HERE. I WANT A SURPRISE 'EM.

PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE, EH? ... OKAY, MISS MYRTLE, WE'LL KEEP QUIET!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, STINKLER AND HIS MOB PARK JUST OUT OF RANGE OF THE GATE...

OKAY! WHEN SAVAGE ARRIVES, YOU BOYS PUT DOSE FLAME THROWERS INTO ACTION LIKE WE PLAN!

DON'T WORRY. ALL VICH WILL BE LEFT FROM DOC SAVAGE UNT HIS PLANE WILL BE ASHES!



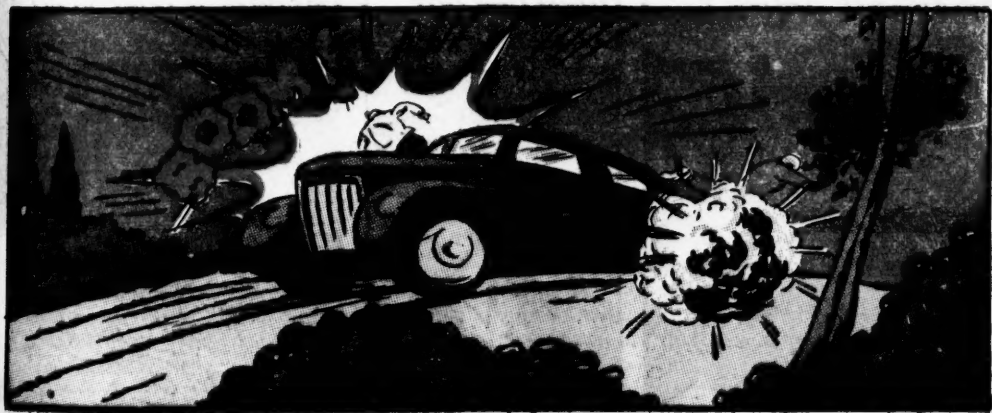
MINUTES LATER...

IT ISS SAVAGE! SET READY... GIFF DER SIGNAL!

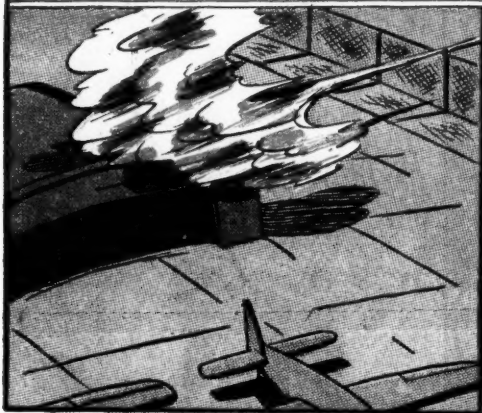


LOOK... FIRE!

FROM A FLAME-THROWER!



AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE SECOND FLAME-THROWER SPLASHES THE HANGAR!



HAH!... VE HAFF DONE OUR VORK VELL! DOC ZAVAGE DEAD UND HISS ZECRET PLANE DESTROYED!



BUT STINKLER GLOATS TOO SOON...

WOW-LUCKY WE JUMPED BEFORE THE CAR EXPLODED! YOU GUYS OKAY?

I'M BURNED UP...AND I DON'T JUST MEAN MY FEELINGS!

I FEELS LIKE A OVEN-TOASTED MARSH-MELLOW!



DOC STRIPS FOR ACTION!...

OUR FLAME-THROWING ARSONISTS ARE OVER THERE...

ME THINKS WE OUGHT TO PAY 'EM A VISIT!

HEHE! DOC AIN'T STRIPPIN' JEST FOR OUR BENEFIT!



SO... IT'S YOU, STINKLER!

WHAT?.. SAVAGE... ALIVE?... HIMMEL!



BUT NOW I KILL YOU... I CANNOT MISS... TURN OFF DOT LIGHT... DOT *9 #8 LIGHT!



BUT THE LIGHT OF THE SACRED RUBY TRICKS STINKLER'S VISION AS IT DOES TO ALL PERSONS WHO TRY TO KILL DOC...AND HIS BULLETS MISS!



THANK'S FOR DROPPING AROUND-
THIS SORT OF WARMS ME UP FOR
MY TANGLE WITH THE SKULL!



BULLSEYE !!

GAUGH!



ONE FOR THE
MONEY...

HAAALLP!!



EEEEEYIIII!!

... TWO FOR THE
SHOW... THREE
TO GET READY..



... AND
FOUR TO
GO!

BAM!



COME ON!..
LET'S SEE
WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE PLANE!

HOPE
JAKE HAD
TIME TO
USE THE
FIRE
ESCAPE!



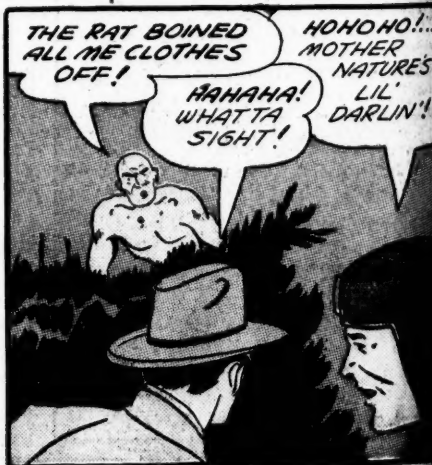
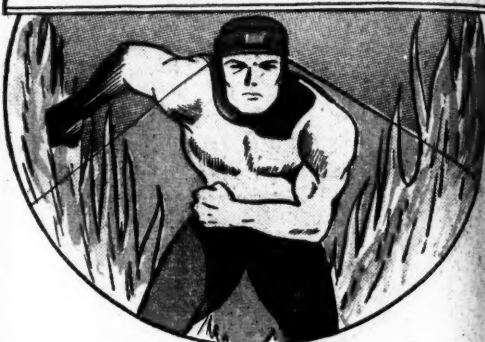
THEY ARE SPOT-
TED BY THE
SECOND FLAME-
THROWER!

EZCAPED, EH?...
DEY VON'T EZCAPE
FROM ME !!





WHIRLING-DOC SPEEDS TOWARD THE FLAME-THROWER... THE LIGHT OF THE SACRED RUBY CUTTING A PATH THROUGH THE FIRE!



MEANTIME, THE HANGAR IS A MASS OF SKY-SHOOTING FLAMES!

DIDJA PULL THE FIRE-ESCAPE BRAKE, JOE?

YEP... HOPE IT WORKS!



WHAT OF MYRTLE WHO SNEAKED INSIDE THE HANGAR TO HIDE IN THE PLANE'S BLISTER AND IS TRAPPED!



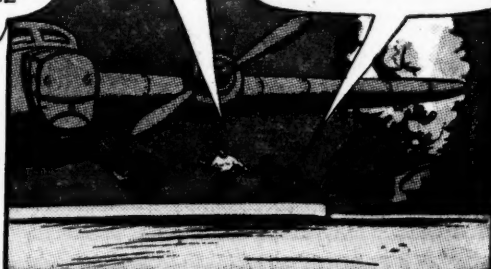
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY, JAKE... IS THE PLANE SAFE?

YEP... SHE'S UNDERGROUND... I PULLED THE FIRE-ESCAPE BRAKE, HERE, THE MINUTE THE FIRE STARTED. THE ELEVATOR MUSTA LET IT DOWN. BY NOW, THE UNDERGROUND CHAIN BELT HAS PULLED IT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD!

PULLING ANOTHER LEVER THEY WATCH THE GROUND OPEN... AND THE PLANE RISE-SAFE AND SOUND!

C'MON FELLOWS!

WAIT, DOC... GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN'!

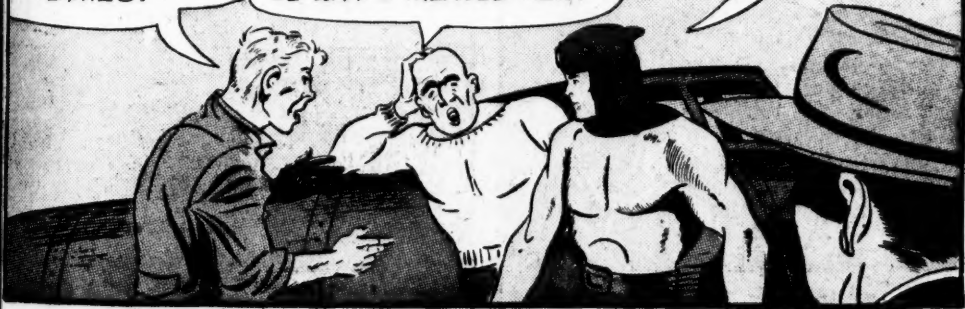


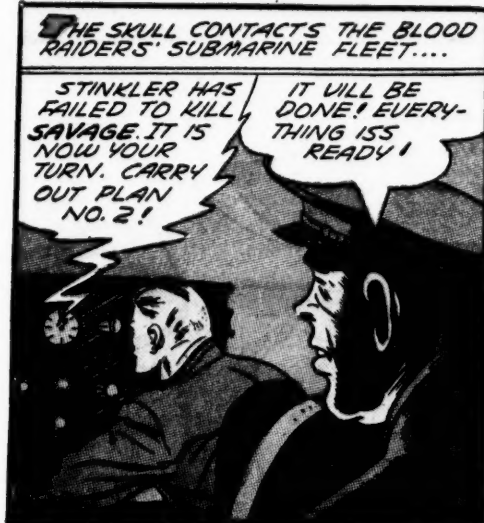
THE MECHANIC TELLS THEM OF MYRTLE'S VISIT...

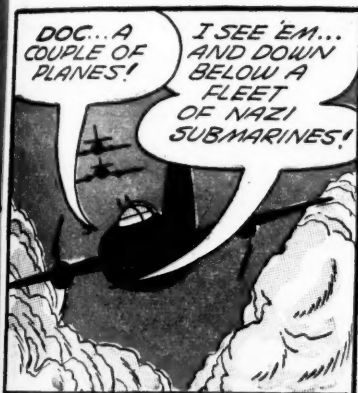
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE SHE WAS CAUGHT IN THE FLAMES.

MOITLE... POOR MOITLE... OHHHH-I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MESELF FER DE WAY I TREATED HER!

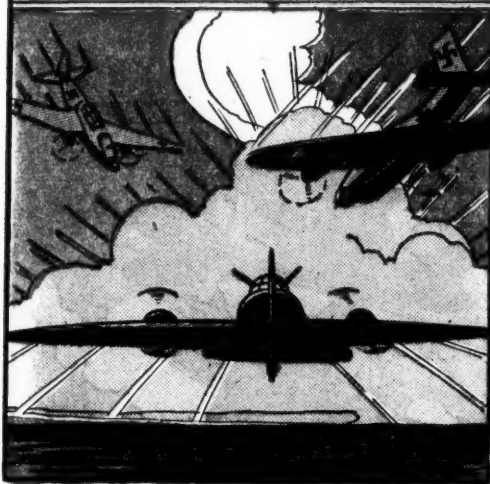
BUCK UP MONK MAYBE SHE ESCAPED.







THE SKY BATTLE BEGINS- THE NAZI PLANES ATTACK!



IN A FAST, JARRING LOOP, DOC PULLS UP- THE NAZIS MISS THEIR TARGET- BUT MONK, GLUED TO HIS GUNS, DOES NOT MISS HIS!



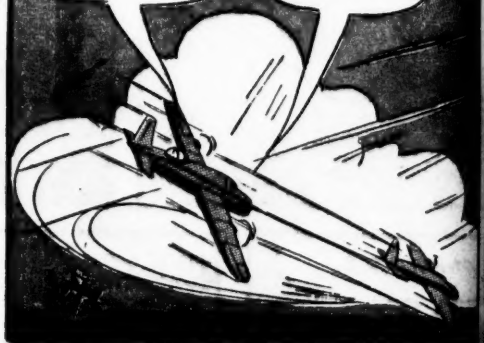
HEY!... AIN'T YOU
LUGS GEN'LEMEN!
... TURN THE PLANE
BACK SO MY
SKOIT STAYS DOWN!

KEEP HOLDIN'
E'M MOITLE
OR YOU'LL
NEED A BATHING
SUIT!



O.K., DOC... THAT
ONE'S ALL YOURS
WITH THE WING
CANNONS!

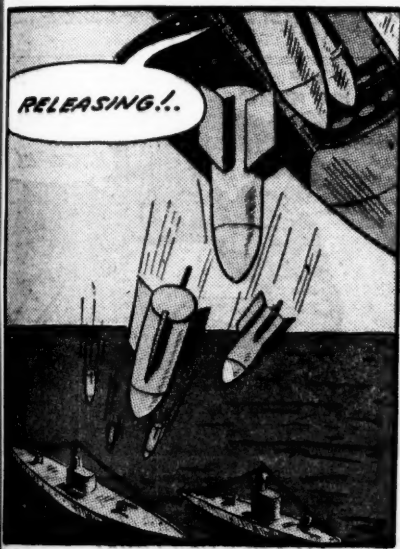
BE READY
WITH THE
BLISTER IN
CASE I
MISS!

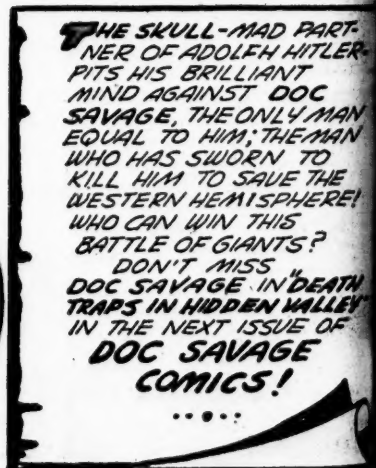
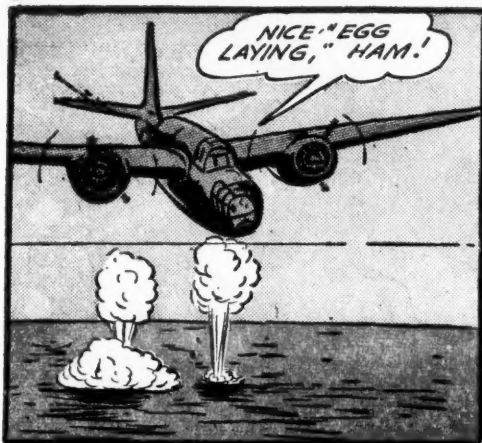


**BUT DOC'S AIM
IS UNERRING!...**

*O!+... LIKE
STINKLER... VE
STINK TOO!...
READY- CRASH
DIVE!!








PRESENTING THAT EMINENT
VIOLIN VIRTUOSO




THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL STORY
OF A SMALL TOWN BOY WHO MADE
GOOD... OF A TALENT THAT WAS
LOST TO THE CONCERT WORLD...
OF A MAN AND HIS TOUREE!







ER, LET'S SEE... I'LL
TAKE THE LEFT HAND.



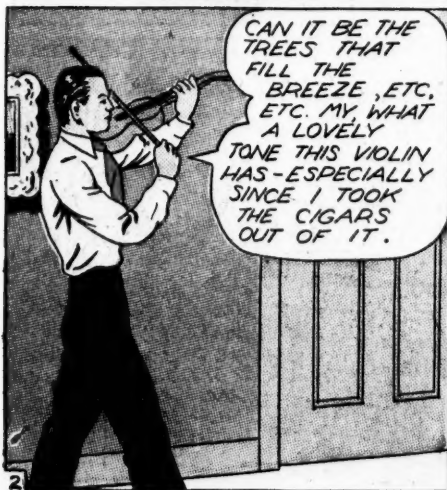
HERE YOU ARE
MY SON....
YOUR FUTURE.




VERY PRETTY, DAD
- BUT WHAT WAS
IN THE OTHER
HAND?



YOU THINK
PLUMBING'S A
BAD BUSINESS??



CAN IT BE THE
TREES THAT
FILL THE
BREEZE, ETC.
ETC. MY WHAT
A LOVELY
TONE THIS VIOLIN
HAS - ESPECIALLY
SINCE I TOOK
THE CIGARS
OUT OF IT.



YES, SIR, I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE
THE VIOLIN MY CAREER. HOW ABOUT
A JOB IN ONE
OF YOUR VAUDE-
VILLE COMPANIES.

OKAY - BUT RE-
MEMBER - YOU
FOLLOW THE SEALS!

HEY, DOESN'T
THAT FIDDLE
PLAYER EVER
TALK?

NAH, DAT'S
JACK BENNY.
I THINK HE'S
A DEAF-MUTE.

The Sun
APRIL 6, 1917
**U.S. DECLARES WAR
ON GERMANY**

THAT WAS
THE FIRST
WORLD WAR.

IT'S SO LONG TO MY VIOLIN
NOW, FOLKS. I'M SAILING WITH
THE U.S. NAVY.

I'M BENNY, SIR.
WHEN DO I SAIL??

YOU DON'T! YOU'RE
DRAFTED FOR SAILOR
SHOWS FOR THE SEA-
MEN'S BENEFIT FUND.

**JOIN THE
U.S. NAVY**

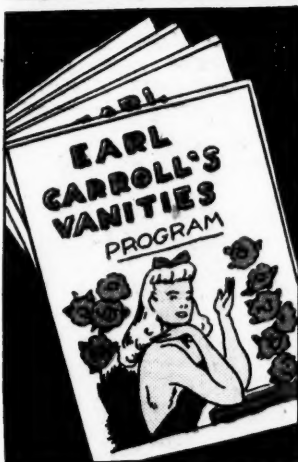
I'VE PLAYED "THE BEE" SO MUCH
THAT FLOWERS WHISTLE AT ME
IN THE STREETS, AND STILL NO
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SEAMEN'S
BENEFIT FUND. I GUESS IF YOU
WANT MONEY
YOU HAVE TO
ASK FOR IT.

AND SO, FOR THE
SAKE OF THE U.S.
NAVY, JACK BROKE
A SIX-YEAR SILENCE,
AND ACTUALLY
TALKED ON THE
STAGE.

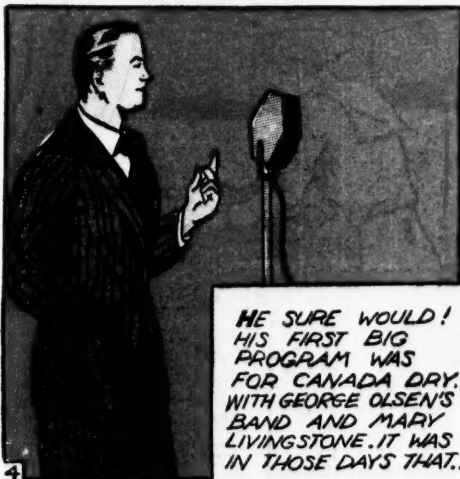
WHY, IT PAYS TO TALK! I THINK WHEN I RETURN TO VAUDEVILLE I'LL USE MORE GAGS AND LESS VIOLIN.



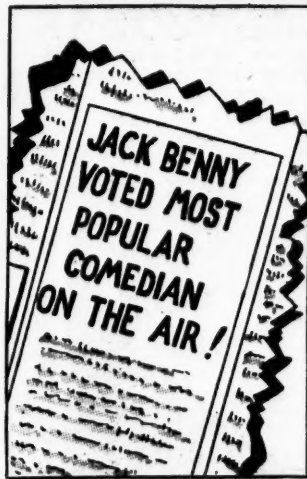
AFTER THE WAR, JACK RETURNED TO VAUDEVILLE AND KEPT HIS WORD. MORE EMPHASIS ON WISECRACKS AND LESS ON MUSIC, UNTIL FINALLY IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE JACK WOULD CARRY AN OLD VIOLIN ON AND OFF THE STAGE, NEVER PLAYING IT JUST LOOKING AT IT WISTFULLY



JACK BECAME WELL-KNOWN IN MUSICAL COMEDY—IN FACT, FOR TWO YEARS HE WAS THE LEADING COMEDIAN AND MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF THE CARROLL REVUE. IT WAS THEN THAT THE BIG EXECUTIVES OF RADIO BEGGED JACK TO GO ON THE AIR. BUT WOULD HE?



HE SURE WOULD! HIS FIRST BIG PROGRAM WAS FOR CANADA DRY, WITH GEORGE OLSEN'S BAND AND MARY LIVINGSTONE. IT WAS IN THOSE DAYS THAT.



...JACK BROKE RECORDS FOR HIS HUGE AUDIENCE. HIS NEW STYLE OF COMEDY, HIS SOPHISTICATED CRACKS, HIS HABIT OF MAKING FUN OF HIS OWN SHORTCOMINGS, DELIGHTED THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

AND ONE A D CLOU INTO LIFE AND HE NAT WE TO

JACK TOO- TO E

JACK HIS L THIS TOO-TAIN BOYS SERV -NOL GESTO THEA DON HIS MAXI THE HEA

AND THEN
ONE DAY,
A DARK
CLOUD CAME
INTO JACK'S
LIFE---
AND WAS
HE GLAD!
NATURALLY,
WE REFER
TO...



ROCHESTER, MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, COOK
AND VALET DE LUXE--AND LAUGH-
GETTER SUPREME!



JACK IS A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR NOW,
TOO--ACTRESSES FIGHT FOR HIM (NOT
TO BE IN THEIR PICTURES!)

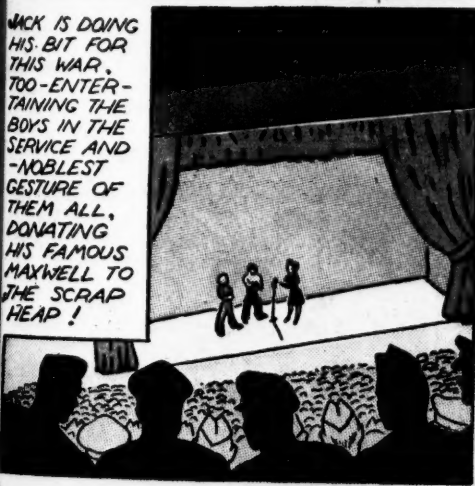


JELLO, AGAIN, THIS
IS JACK BENNY---



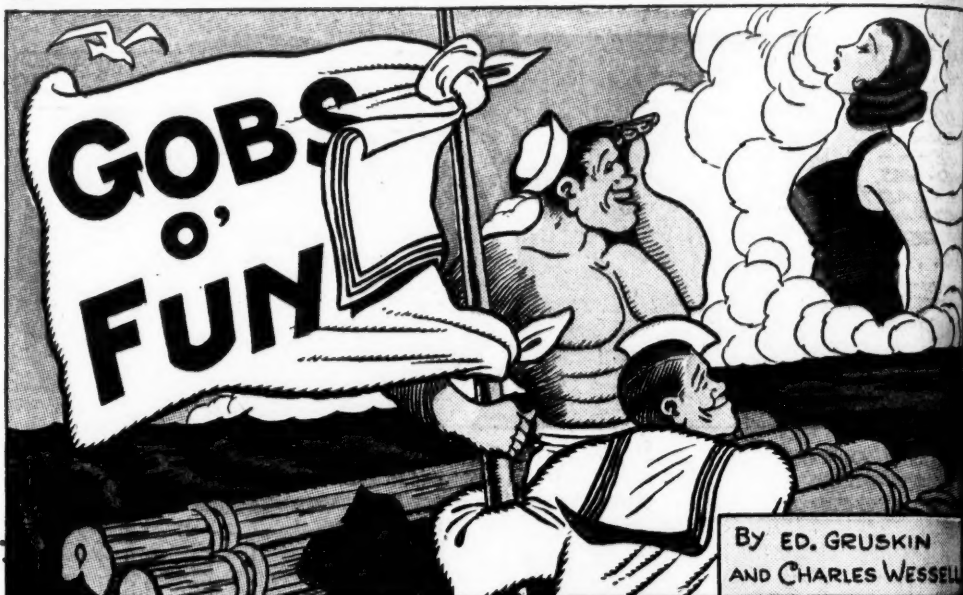
AND THUS "JELLO" BECAME
A HOUSEHOLD WORD!

JACK IS DOING
HIS BIT FOR
THIS WAR.
TOO--ENTER-
TAINING THE
BOYS IN THE
SERVICE AND
--NOBLEST
GESTURE OF
THEM ALL,
DONATING
HIS FAMOUS
MAXWELL TO
THE SCRAP
HEAP!



NOW JACK
IS BROAD-
CASTING EVERY
SUNDAY NIGHT
AT 7 P.M.
EWT OVER
NBC NETWORK
COAST-TO-
COAST FOR
GRAPE-NUTS
... BE SURE
TO LISTEN
IN. AND OH
YES - HE
PROBABLY
WON'T
PLAY THE
VIOLIN -
EVEN THOUGH
HE DID AP-
PEAR IN
CARNEGIE
HALL ON
JAN. 17TH.





By ED. GRUSKIN
AND CHARLES WESSELL

WHEN "MUDDY" WATERS AND "UPAN" ATEM JOINED THE NAVY OF THE U.S., MOTHER EARTH HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF AND FATHER NEPTUNE WENT ON A TEN DAY BINGE TO DROWN HIS SORROW.

AFTER FOUR MONTHS AT SEA, OUR HEROES EAGERLY OBSERVE CHOICE SPECIMENS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX CONGREGATED TO GIVE THEM (AND SOME OTHER SAILORS) A MOST HEARTY WELCOME.

NOW DON'T PUSH, GIRLS! DON'T CROWD! — ME AN' MUDDY IS PEE-TIC-U-LAR, AN CANNOT HANDLE MORE'N TWO AT A TIME APIECE!

YOUSE TELL 'EM, UPAN!

DO YOUSE THINK THERE WILL BE ENOUGH OF THEM ALL-RIGHT DAMES TO GO AROUND, UPAN?

ENOUGH?—WE IS HEROES IN UNIFORM! WE HAS FOUGHT FIGHTS AT SEA! THEM ALL-RIGHT DAMES IS GONNA FIGHT OVER US!





TH' GALS HAS DESOITED US,
UPAN, AN' YOUSE STILL HAS ME
AND I HAS YOUSE WHICH—
FERGIVE ME—AIN'T LIKE
YOUSE SAID!

WE IS THE
VICTIMS OF
MUTINY!!
NOW BE QUIET,
'CAUSE I GOTTA
THINK!

IT IS A KNOWN FACT THAT UPAN DOES HIS
BEST THINKING OVER A CHOCOLATE ICE
CREAM SODA—ESPECIALLY WHEN MUDDY
IS DOING THE PAYING—WHICH IS
NOW THE CASE.

HAS YOU THOT O' SOME-
THING YET, UPAN?—I
WOULD NOT WANT YOUSE
TO THINK SO HARD YOUSE
GET SICK ON SODAS!

DON'T WORRY,
MUDDY, I WON'T
LET YOUSE DOWN
EVEN IF I GOTTA
GET SICK ON
SODAS!—YOUSE
IS M' PAL!

THERE IS TWO DAMES,
UPAN, WHICH IS MORE
THAN LIKELY AN, B'SIDES
WHICH, DEY IS IN
UNIFORM!.

THEY IS OUR DISH,
MUDDY! JEST PLAIN
GALS AIN'T GOOD ENUF
FOR US. GALS IN A
UNIFORM IS FOR HEROES
SUCH AS WE IS!

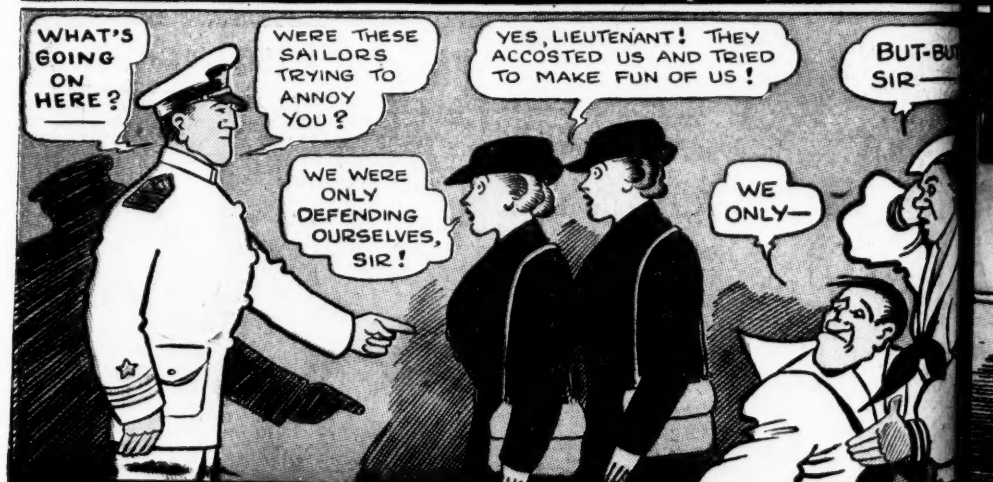


WE IS TWO HEROES OF TH
U.S. NAVY WHO IS NOT TOO
PROUD TO ASK
YOUSE FER
A DATE!

ARE YOU KIDDING ?!

IT IS, I
ASSURES YOUSE,
A HONOR TO
DATE WID TWO
HEROES SUCH
AS WE IS!





SILENCE! YOU BROKEN DOWN EXCUSE FOR SAILORS OUGHT TO BE SLAPPED IN THE BRIG FOR INSULTING YOUR BRAVE SISTER SAILORS!

AWK - GULP!
S-SISTER SAILORS!
PHEW! TH' NAVY'S
SURE CHANGED
SINCE WE
BEEN AWAY!

SINCE DAMES IS IN TH' NAVY, UPAN,
AN HAS UNIFORMS WHICH IS EVEN
PRETTIER THAN OURS - I THINK WE
IS GONNA REMAIN DAMELESS!

HM-M-M-IF WE WAS
ONLY HEROES WHICH
HAD MEDALS
OR-OR-

I GOT AN IDEA! - C'MON!

I HOPE YOUSE DON'T
GET THE IDEA WE SHOULD
BECOME NAVY SISTERS!



IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO
CONVOY YOU WAVES TO YOUR
NEXT PORT! PERHAPS WE CAN
HAVE A BITE OF DINNER ON
TH' WAY, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

WE'D BE
DELIGHTED!

SO-O KIND OF
YOU, LIEUTENANT!

TSK!
TSK!

YAH! - HUH
WIMMIN'
- IN TH'
NAVY!

I GUESS YOUSE HAS GOT
EVERYTHING THERE - BANDAGES,
SPLINTS, TAPE, CRUTCHES -!

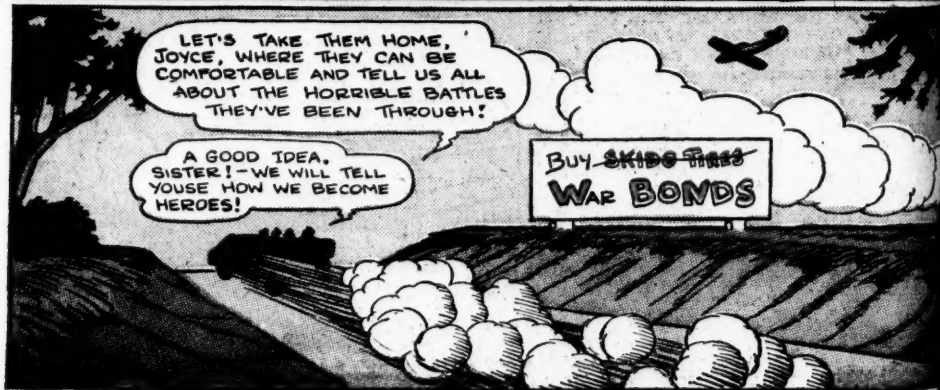
PARDON ME - BUT
MAY I ASK IF YOU
ARE EXPECTING
AN ACCIDENT?

DRUG
STORE

I HOPES
NOT!!
WE HAS HAD
A COUPLE
ALREADY!



WE OBSERVE OUR HEROES AFTER A BUSY HOUR BEHIND CLOSED DOORS—



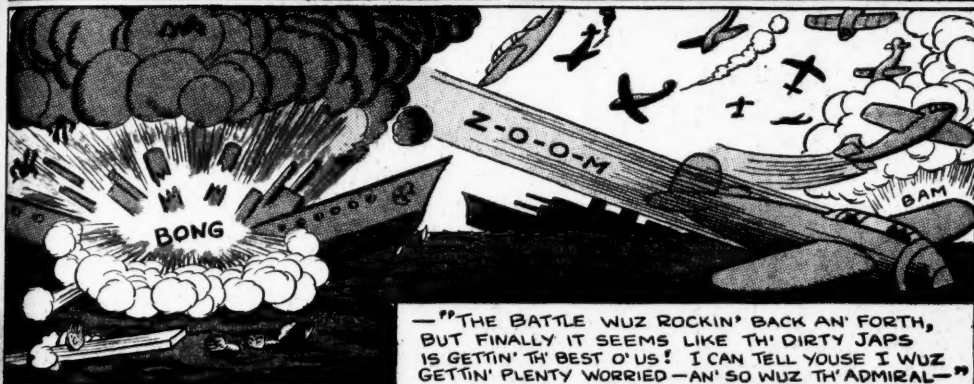
AT THE HOME OF THE SYMPATHETIC GIRLS —

WILL WE DISTURB YOU IF WE SIT IN HERE, DADDY?

NO, JOYCE! NOT AT ALL!

NOW TELL US ALL ABOUT HOW YOU BECAME HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY!

TO TELL YOUSE TH' TRUTH, I WAS TH' BRAINS BEHIND TH' VICTORY AN' MUDDY, HERE, WAS TH' MUSCLE. IT WAS DIS WAY —



— "THE BATTLE WUZ ROCKIN' BACK AN' FORTH, BUT FINALLY IT SEEMS LIKE TH' DIRTY JAPS IS GETTIN' TH' BEST O' US! I CAN TELL YOUSE I WUZ GETTIN' PLENTY WORRIED — AN' SO WUZ TH' ADMIRAL —"

— "WHEN TH' FOIST THING I KNOWS, HE HAS CALLED ME UP TUH THE BRIDGE —"

SEAMAN ATEM, WE ARE IN TROUBLE! IT WILL TAKE A MAN OF YOUR BRAINS TO GET US ALL OUT OF IT!!

DON'T WORRY, ADMIRAL SEEPWATER. WE WILL GET YOUSE OUT OF IT!!

GOOD LUCK, SEAMAN ATEM AND FIREMAN WATERS! THE HONOR OF THE U.S. NAVY IS IN YOUR HANDS.

WE WILL NOT FAIL YOUSE!

— "SO I DOPES OUT A PLAN TO GET RID O' TH' FOIST JAP BATTLESHIP, WHICH IS CAUSIN' ALL OUR TROUBLE. ME AN' MUDDY HAS OURSELVES STUFFED DOWN TWO GUNS —"

"—DEN WE IS AIMED AN' FIRED, AT THE JAP SHIP AN' GO SAILING TOWARD IT LIKE TWO LITTLE BOIDIES —"



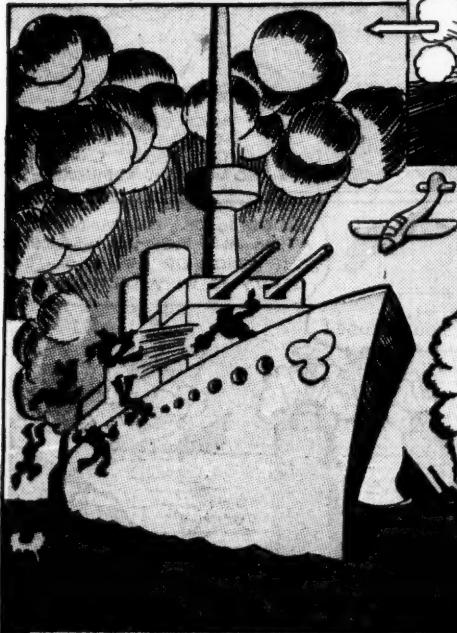
THERE WE WAS—
LIKE TWO LITTLE
BOIDIES!

(IT'S FUNNY!
BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER
NONE OF
DIS!)

OH! HOW
THRILLING!

MAR-VEL-UZ

"—TH' NEXT THING WE KNOWS IS WE IS
COMIN' DOWN ON TH' JAPS! BIFF! BANG!
BAM!! WE SOCKS 'EM RIGHT AN' LEFT!"



"—AN' ME? I'M HEADIN' FOR THE ENGINE
ROOM AND KNOCKIN' OFF JAPS AS I GOES,
JEST TO PASS THE TIME!"

WH-E-E-E-E-E!



"—AN' MUDDY PICKS UP ABOUT TEN OF 'EM
AN' DUMPS 'EM OVERBOARD — JUST
LIKE THEY WAS TH' GARBAGE DEY IS!"

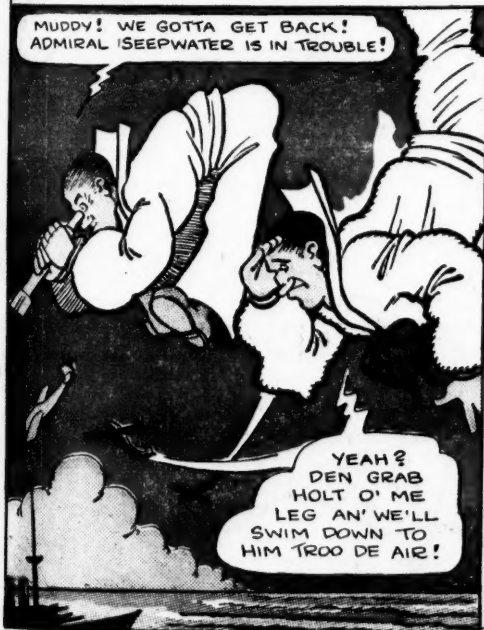
"— FINALLY I GETS TO THE ENGINE ROOM AND TAKES FROM ME POCKET A BOTTLE O' STUFF W'ICH I HAS CONCOCTED MESELF — IT IS A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, W'ICH UNCLE SAM WANTS ME TO SELL HIM —"

WHEN I DROPS DIS, JAPIES, YOUSE IS GONNA BLOW UP HIGHER THAN YOUR RISING SUN AT MID-DAY!!



"— WHILE WE IS STILL TRAVELLIN' UP-UP AN' UP, I TAKES OUT ME SPY-GLASS TUH LOOK DOWN AT OUR SHIP AND SEE HOW THINGS IS GOING THERE —"

MUDDY! WE GOTTA GET BACK! ADMIRAL 'SEEPWATER IS IN TROUBLE!



YEAH? DEN GRAB HOLT O' ME LEG AN' WE'LL SWIM DOWN TO HIM TROO DE AIR!

"I SEE YOUSE BLEW UP TH' JAPIES, LIKE YOUSE HAD PLANNED, UPAN!"

ALL IN A DAY'S WOIK, MUDDY, ALL IN A DAY'S WOIK!



BAM

"— SO I DROPS IT AN' BOOM! — TH' SHIP GOES UP IN A MILL-YUN PIECES! ME AN' MUDDY WITH IT! — WE MEETS EACH UDDER UP IN TH' SKY —"

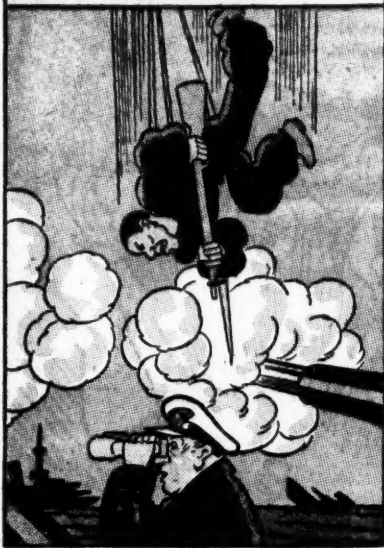
GET GOIN', MUDDY! A JAP PARACHUTE JUMPER IS DROPPIN' ON TH' ADMIRAL'S BACK!!



TH' DIRTY LITTLE SO-AND-SO!

"— SO I GRABS MUDDY'S FOOT AN' HE STARTS SWIMMIN' AGAINST THE BLAST FROM THE JAP SHIP — DOWN TO OUR SHIP —"

"WE WAS COMIN' ALONG FAST, BUT THE JAP PARACHUTE GUY WAS COMIN' FAST TOO - HIS BAY-NET WAS ALL RAISED T' JAM IT INTO THE PORE OLD ADMIRAL'S BACK -"



YOUSE OUGHTA BE ASHAMED O' YSELF! STABBIN' A WHOLE ADMIRAL IN TH' BACK!

NICE GOIN', MUDDY!

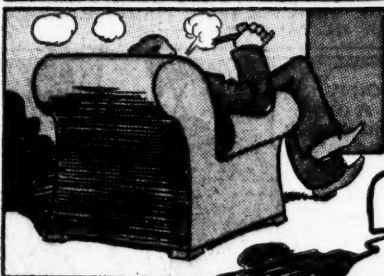
AWK

"BUT IN THE NICK O' TIME, MUDDY GETS US THERE AN' WE SAVED TH' PORE ADMIRAL'S LIFE!"

BUT WHEN DID YOU GET WOUNDED?

YEAH, UPAN! TELL US - WHEN DID US ALL GET WOUNDED? HUH?

YES, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!



WE WAS HIT BY AN AUTOMOBILE - AT TH' CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE!



THAT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST ENLIGHTENING INTERPRETATION OF THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY I'VE HEARD YET! -

-AND A BELATED THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

ADMIRAL SEEPWATER!



SHOOTING OUT OF CANNONS!—BLOWING UP JAPS AND SHIPS!!—SAVING MY LIFE!!!—HUMPH!—I'VE A MIND TO STUFF YOU TWO SLOBS IN A CANNON AND DELIVER YOU TO THE JAPS!

N-NO, SIR!
N-NOT THAT!

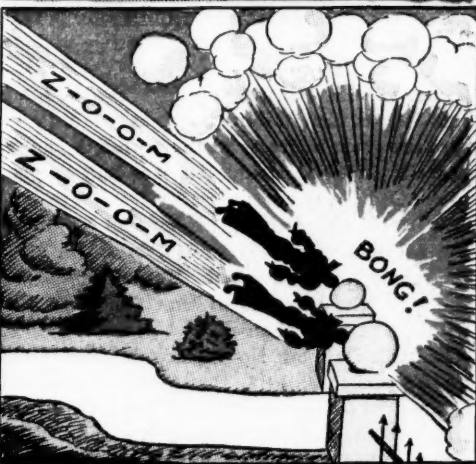
NOW YOU TWO LYING, SWAMP-WATER SAILORS—GET OUT OF MY DAUGHTERS' SIGHT AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU AROUND 'EM AGAIN!

N-NO, SIR!
Y-YES, SIR!

W-WE UNNER-STAND SIR!

OW-W!

OUCH!!



WE VISIT OUR HEROES IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES A SHORT TIME LATER.

CHARLES WEDDELL

THE ADMIRAL SHORE HAS A SOLID PUNCH AN' A MOST POWERFUL HEAVY BOOT!

YEAH!—BUT NOW THAT WE IS REALLY WOUNDED, DEY WON'T LET US OUT O' THIS BLANKETY—BLANK HOSPITAL! LIFE SURE PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS!



TO FREE ITALY AGAIN

by The Sharpshooter

WHEN the Fighting Yanks hit Italy it will not be the first time that American soldiers set foot on Italian soil. Only, *this* time the Yanks and their Allies will come to free the good Italian people from the yoke of Fascism which their loutish clown of Il Duce has imposed upon them. The other time our olive-drab-clad doughboys landed in Italy it was to deliver the Italian people from German oppression, too, and to help the then valiant Italian soldiers in defeating the Germans and the Austrians against whom they were at that time fighting.

Few Americans recall that units of our first A. E. F. were, in 1918, sent from France to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Italian Army. The Italians were glad to see the Stars and Stripes come ashore then, as you may be sure the great majority of the normally happy, peace-loving, industrious Italians will be glad to see Old Glory once more.

With the aid of that mere handful of American soldiers who went to Italy's aid in 1918, the enemy was vanquished. Not only that. To this day, the veterans of that American Expedition to Italy observe not November 11th as Armistice Day, but November 4th. For it was on November 4, 1918, that Austria gave up, against the savage pounding of the fresh American troops and the veteran Italians. With Austria, her main ally, out of the war, Germany soon collapsed. Exactly one week after Austria capitulated, Germany quit too.

It's quite a story, this little-known page in American military history. And today, times and events being what they are, it is almost prophetic to review that true and thrilling tale.

In October, 1917, the Italian army suffered a terrible defeat at Caporetto. They lost 300,000 prisoners, 3,000 guns and virtually all the ground they had gained since entering the first World War.

American troops at that time had already

landed in France, and more were either in England or on their way across the Atlantic. The Italian government begged us to divert some of those fresh young warriors of ours to her aid. General John J. Pershing was first asked by Rome to furnish one million American soldiers.

General Pershing was unable to furnish such a huge number of Yanks. Not that he, with other Allied leaders in France and elst where, did not appreciate the terrible plight of Italy after the Caporetto disaster. But commitments had been already made, to place most of our A. E. F. in France.

Finally the Italian government begged for just a "token" force—a few American soldiers, to be seen by the nerve-shattered Italian people. It would bolster the people's morale, Rome pointed out. The Allies recognized this need.

In July, 1918, therefore, General Pershing looked over his available force of fighting men overseas, to pick some units which should go to Italy.

An entire fresh division of the American Expeditionary Force had just landed at French ports. It was the "Ohio's Own" 83rd Division which had trained at Camp Sherman, near Chillicothe, Ohio.

Although it was well trained, splendidly equipped, and "rarin' to go" into action in France against the hated Germans, the 83rd Division had, almost immediately upon arrival in France, been designated a replacement division. That is, its new, fresh soldiers were to be scattered all along the Western Front, a handful there, more there, to replace Americans of other A. E. F. divisions which had suffered heavy losses in combat at Cantigny, Soissons, and along the Marne River.

Many regiments had already gone from the 83rd Division, but there was one outfit completely intact. This was the 332nd Infantry,



crack regiment under the command of Colonel William Wallace. The regiment, with its medical corpsmen of the 331st Field Hospital, was the unit finally chosen by General Pershing to go to Italy.

The Yanks of those two outfits moved to Marseille, France, and sailed from that historic port on the morning tide of July 25th. They landed at Genoa, Italy, and were almost torn apart by the frenzied, cheering Italians who hailed them as young gods and deliverers.

The Yanks lost no time in frivolities, however. They were in Italy for business. Grim business. They entrained for the north of Italy and went into camp on a wide plain near Veleggio. There, under the expert training and coaching of veteran members of Italy's famed mountain fighters, the Arditi Battalion, the Yanks underwent a "post graduate course" in combat training.

There was one break, however. On a beautiful Sunday in August the Yanks, with their strutting band, paraded in Venice—and again the Italian people, lining the crowded sidewalks, broke through the restraining police lines and mobbed the *Americanos*, overcoming the red-faced Yanks with demonstrative hugs, showering them with flowers and kisses and otherwise displaying their affection for these clean-cut youngsters from across the Atlantic. It was all the police and military officials could do to restore order and make it possible for the American soldiers to continue their march to the huge reviewing stand in famous old Saint Mark's Square.

Returning to their training camp near Veleggio, the Yanks completed their "post grad" and begged for action against the foe. On September 16 they got their wish, moving into the front lines at the north against the cocky, victorious Austrians who had all but wiped out the Italians at Caporetto. The American sector was near the heavily shelled village of Varage, on the Piave River. Major General Charles G. Treat, a distinguished veteran regular army officer, had in the meantime been sent over from France by Pershing to command the Yanks in Italy, and he moved in, with his men, under the Austrians' shells at Varage. Then, as now, we had fighting generals who scorned the safety of bombproof dug-outs but voluntarily elected to go "up front" with their men.

Having become accustomed to enemy shell fire, the Yanks were then, at the dawn "zero hour" of October 28, moved up into the very thick of the fiercest fighting, in the Vittorio-Veneto sector. From that hour to and including noon of November 4, when the Austrians fled and quit under the terrific attacks of the Yanks and the newly-inspired Italian soldiers, the Americans were never out of action. They drove the veteran crack shock troops of the proud Austrian Empire all the way back from the Piave to the Tagliamento River.

The "kill" really came on the morning of November 3 when the 332nd Infantry was the spearhead unit of a fierce attack, the Americans crossing a narrow footbridge under terrific enemy artillery and machine-gun fire to drive the Austrians, at the point of the bayonet, from the important key village of Prata di Pordenone on the Noncello River. That was the payoff. The Austrians had seen enough, and plenty, of those fighting Yanks. They laid down their arms and sued for peace. Peace, at any terms, just so they need stand up before those demon doughboys from across the Atlantic no more!

You would have thought that the Yanks, their job well done, would have been sent home then. Especially since Germany had quit, too, one week later, and the World War was, to all intents and purposes, at an end. But it was not so. The Yanks had ably proved themselves in combat. Now they were to prove themselves in a far more ticklish role—diplomacy agents.

The Slavic States, as constituted by the victorious Italians, were seething, particularly at

the port cities of Fiume in Jugo-slavia, and Cattaro, in Montenegro. The fuse of a dynamite keg was sputtering there, and the general situation dangerous in the extreme as Italian, Slavic and Montenegrin diplomats held extended and heated conferences. Finally all concerned agreed that the troops to occupy those two prize ports of Fiume and Cattaro must be neutral soldiers, of a nation known to be honest and scrupulously unselfish. In a word, Americans.

So, off to Fiume and Cattaro went the 332nd Infantry and its corpsmen of the 331st Field Hospital. There, too, the native population received the Yanks with demonstrative affection.

Weeks went by. They lengthened into months. Still the Yanks, eager as they all were to leave and go home, remained on; neutral, just, administering civil rights to all. They, and they alone, put out the sputtering fuse of the dynamite keg which, exploding, might have launched the Second World War then and there instead of a quarter-century later. The tense situation, easing under "horse sense" Yankee administration, finally cleared entirely

and by March, 1919, the American soldiers were able to pull out and leave for Genoa where a transport waited at dockside to take the Yanks home. A great *fiesta* was held in Genoa on the night of March 28th, with the holidaying, merry-making Genoese bidding the Yanks a carnival *addio* as, the fete over, the olive-drab-clad fighting men mounted the gangplank of that welcome homeward-bound transport. A short stop was made at Marseille and then the ship put out to sea and less than two weeks later the straining eyes of our fighting (and diplomatic) Yanks saw that sight of which they had so long dreamed—the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, welcoming the conquering heroes home.

So it was in 1918-1919.

And now, in 1943, other American troops are to correct the situation in Italy.

Once more the Italian people are groaning under cruel oppression. And once more, God willing, American soldiers will strike the chains from the many good people of that enslaved, once-proud and once-free nation.

It's in the cards. America moves—to free Italy again!

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Betty Lee is a well-known dance teacher. Her book helps you learn correctly and *quickly*. Be convinced—if not satisfied with results, you will get your money back! And remember, we include "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps" **FREE** of extra charge.

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PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
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Send me "Dancing" by Betty Lee and include **FREE** of extra charge "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay on arrival, plus postage. ☐ I enclose \$1.95. Ship Postpaid.

If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return book and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Address

City

State

AJAX

the SUN MAN

"the RETURN of the
BOOTLEGGERS"



FROM THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER -- THE SUN -- COMES THE ALL-POWERFUL MAN, **AJAX**, TO BURN OUT EVIL AND CRIME WHEREVER ITS CANCEROUS TENTACLES TAKE HOLD --

WELL, BOYS -- THE GOOD
OLE DAYS IS HERE AGAIN --
I GOT SOME HIJACKERS
OUT JACKIN' A GOVERNMENT
LOAD OF LIQUOR NOW!

AN' WE'RE
GETTIN'
DA OLE
GANG TO-
GETHER,
BOSS --

WHAT'S
LEFT OF
'EM ANY-
WAY!

DERE'S ONLY ONE GUY
I'M AFRAID OF, AN' I
MEAN TUH WIRE HIM
OUT AS QUICK AS I CAN --

I KNOW WHO YUH
MEAN, MIKE -- **AJAX**
THE SUN MAN, SH?

SAY, I KNOW WHO
HIS GOIL FRIEND
IS -- MAYBE IF WE
SNATCH HER
SHE CAN --



WITH THE PROHIBITION
OF THE MANUFACTURE
OF HARD LIQUOR FOR
THE DURATION OF THE
WAR, THE OLD WHISKEY
BARONS ARE CRAWLING
OUT OF THEIR RAT-HOLES..

YOU KNOW HER,
EH? -- WE WILL
SNATCH HER AN'
WIRING DA SECRET
OF HIS POWER OUTA
HER! -- WHEN I
GET MY MITTS ON
HER -- SHE'LL
TALK!





THAT NIGHT, AS DR. LANA RITCHARD LEAVES THE HOSPITAL FOR HOME--

GET IN DAT CAR, SISTER! DON'T YELL OR I'LL PUG YUH!

WH-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?-- WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?



KIDNAPPING LANA!-- WONDER WHY-- BETTER FOLLOW AND FIND OUT.

A FIGURE STREAKS FROM THE SKY. IT IS AJAX!



AN HOUR LATER, FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY--

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HER!



SUDDENLY THE CAR SWINGS OFF THE HIGHWAY. AJAX SPOTS ITS DESTINATION--

AH-HA-- SHADES OF THE OLE PROHIBITION DAYS IF IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BOOT-LEG DISTILLERY!



HMMM-- SO YOU'RE AJAX'S SKOIT!-- NOT BAD-- NOT BAD! AMONG ODDER THINGS, HE'S GOT GOOD TASTE!

SHUT YOUR FOUL MOUTH AND TELL ME WHY YOU'VE KIDNAPPED ME!



OKAY-- WE'LL GET RIGHT DOWN TUN BUSINESS!-- YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME DE SECRET O' AJAX'S POWER SO I CAN KILL HIM AN' GET HIM OUTA MY WAY!

YOU BETTER GET THIS THROUGH YOUR FAT SKULL AND RUN-- AJAX CAN'T BE KILLED. HE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--



"APPROACHING THE EARTH, HE EMERGED FROM THE FIRE-BALL IN THE FORM OF A HUMAN BEING ---"



"THE FIRST MOMENT HE LANDED ON EARTH, HE LEARNED A TERRIFIC LESSON-- HUMANIS FEARED FIRE!"



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

A HUMAN TORCH!

HE'LL BURN THE TOWN DOWN!

CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



"HE ALSO LEARNED THAT HUMANIS RESPECT FIRE AS WELL AS FEAR IT, AND PUT IT TO MIRACULOUS USE. THIS PLEASED HIM VERY MUCH."

GOOD!



"BEFORE HE KNEW IT, POWERFUL FIRE HOSES WERE PLAYING UPON HIM!"

HEY--OUCH--WHOA-- DON'T!--IT TICKLES!



"THEN HE LEARNED OF THE DESTRUCTIVE USE MAN HAS MADE OF FIRE BY HARNESSING IT TO EXPLOSIVES--"

HORRIBLE!



AND REALIZING
THAT MAN MUST
HAVE A GREAT
DEAL OF EVIL
IN HIM TO USE
GOOD FIRE TO
DESTROY HE
SWORE THAT HE
WOULD FIGHT
EVIL WITH FIRE
TILL IT WAS
DESTROYED!

A LOT O'
SOB STUFF
DAT DON'T
TELL US
NOTHIN'!

GUESS WE'LL
HAFTA GIVE YUH
A WORK-OVER
SISTER, 'LESS
YOU DECIDE
TO SPILL
AJAX'S
SECRET
WEAKNESS!

TALK... AN'
TALK FAST!

OWWWW...
I WON'T
TELL
YOU!

SUDDENLY, A SEARING SHEET OF FLAME
LEAPS THROUGH THE WALL...
LEAPS AT THEM!

HELP!

YOWW!

AJAX!

STAY
BACK,
AJAX!

ONE STEP NEARER
AN' I DRILL A HOLE
IN HER HEAD!

OKAY... I'LL
KEEP MY
PEACE AS
LONG AS YOU
DON'T HURT
HER!

HEHEH!... SO
I FOUND
AJAX'S
WEAKNESS
ALL BY
MYSELF... A
SKOIT WHICH
HE DON'T
WANT TELL
GET NOIT!...
NAHAHAHA!



THE
OUTSIDE
SOME
LIQUOR
HITAC
ONE S
TRUCK
AND T

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL...

I HOPE LANA IS SAFE TILL I GET UP THERE...



MIKE FELL FOR MY BLUFF ABOUT LETTING HER FREE, SO HE PROBABLY WON'T BE IN A HURRY TO DISPOSE OF HER...



AT ANY RATE I'LL KNOW IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!



AJAX!! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

WHERE ARE THEY?... I'VE GOT A LITTLE SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THEM!



THEY'RE SWITCHING SOME GOVERNMENT LIQUOR THEY WHACKED FROM ONE SET OF TRUCKS TO ANOTHER.

I'M GOING OUT THERE AND MAKE THEM DRUNK... PUNCH DRUNK!



AJA!! OUCH!

HE'S ESCAPED!

HE'LL KILL US ALL... RUN!

TOO LATE, RATS... YOU'LL ALL TASTE THE LASH OF MY FIRE WHIP!



THE NEXT INSTANT THE DOOR FLIES OPEN, THE GANGSTERS WHIRL TO SEE THE MASTER OF ALL FIRE!



ASTRON

CROCODILE QUEEN



THE VALLEY OF THE WHIRLING SKELETONS!

THE JUNGLE VODOODO MAN OF THE
GORILLAS SPOTS A SNEAKING
GROUP OF JAP COMMANDOS.



SHE DOES POSSESS MANY DEVICES OF MAGIC. PROMISE A SHARE TO ME AND I GUIDE YOU TO HER ABODE!



AND THAT IS WHY ASTRON HEARD A
WAIL OF DISTRESS FROM THE JUNGLE.

WHAT! THE
CRY OF A CHILD!
IT IS IN DANGER!
I MUST GO TO
ITS AID!



SHE REACHES THE
SHORE BUT SEES
NOTHING. THE CRY
SUDDENLY COMES
AGAIN BUT FROM
DEEPER IN THE
JUNGLE.

MONKEYS!
DRESSED LIKE
HUMANS!



SHE SPEEDS TO THE
SHORE IN THE
DIRECTION OF
THE SOUND.



HER FRIEND, THE
SKY MAN, WILL MISS
HER! MAKE MANY
TRACKS AND HE
WILL FOLLOW!



ALARMED AT RECEIVING NO ANSWER TO HIS CALL TO ASTROY, PATROL PILOT CASSIDY GLIDES TO THE LAKE BELOW.



EITHER THE WALKIE-TALKIE SET I GAVE HER IS OUT OR SHE IS IN TROUBLE!

HERE'S HER 'TWO-CROC' TEAM... THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING ON THEIR MINDS!

I'VE BEEN BEGGIN' YOU TO TAKE UP CROCODILE TALK, HAVEN'T I?



OKAY, BIG BOYS... TAKE ME TO HER!

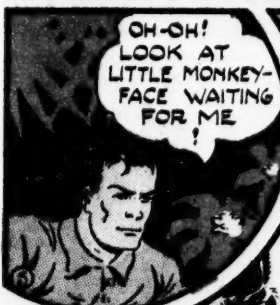
THE 'CROCS' TAKE HIM TO THE SCENE OF THE CAPTURE.

I'LL BET SOME CUTE CLUCKS THINK I'LL BE DUMB ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THESE TRACKS!



OKAY, RATS! STICK 'EM UP.. AND SOON!

MAN OF THE SKY!



OH-OH! LOOK AT LITTLE MONKEY-FACE WAITING FOR ME!

BONG!

SURE ENOUGH, HE PARALLELED THE TRAIL AND CIRCLED A NIP WAITING FOR HIM TO WALK INTO THE TRAP.



USING A THREAT TO ASTRON, THE BOSS
NIP QUICKLY ENDED CASSIDY'S DROP
ON THE MONKEY-FACED RUNTS... BUT, WAIT.

BE PLEASED TO DROP
THOMAS GUN OR I WILL
BUMP OFF MISSY WITH
SUFFICIENT PULL ON
TRIGGER

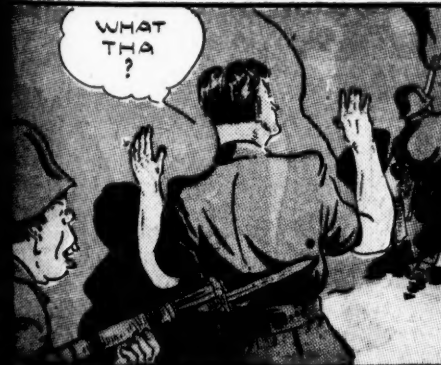


I WILL
LEAD YOU
TO THE GREAT
KING SOLOMON'S
MINES!



BEFORE THEM APPEARED AN ENTRANCE TO
A NARROW VALLEY... SKELETONS WHIRLED
IN THE AIR BETWEEN GATE POSTS OF GREAT
ROCK... DIRECTLY UNDER THE GRUESOME
FIGURES, GREAT MUSSETS OF GOLD GLITTERED!

WHAT
THA
?



HEALTH WOULD
CONTINUE MUCH
SUCCESS IF YOU
HAD KEPT NOSE
OUT OF HONORABLE
NIPPON BUSINESS!
BE PREPARED TO
BE SUFFICIENTLY
BUMPED OFF!



BEHOLD
!

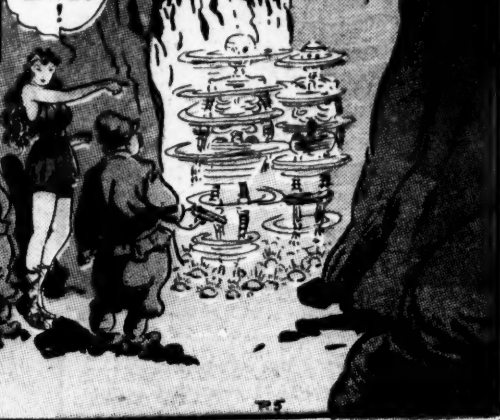


STOP! I WILL
GIVE YOU
GOLD!



IT LOOKED LIKE THE
FINISH FOR CASSIDY
BUT SUDDENLY ASTRON
CALLED OUT THE MAGIC
WORD, GOLD!

ENTER
!





THE NIPS SMASH THE SKELETONS WITH GUN-BUTTS AND STAMPEDED FOR THE GOLD.



ASTRON'S EXPLANATION: ALL LIVING BODIES RADIATE CIRCLING WAVE FORCE, OF WHICH YOU ARE UNAWARE. THE ENDS OF THE GREAT HORSE SHOE OF ROCK ENCLOSING THE VALLEY ARE MIGHTILY CHARGED WITH THAT FORCE. A BODY CAUGHT BETWEEN THEM MUST WHIRL LIKE THE ARMATURE IN YOUR MOTORS... NEVER STOPPING.

AND THERE, FOREVER, THEY MUST REMAIN, WHIRLING TILL THEIR DUST IS SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS.



WHEN I NEED YOU, YOU WILL HEAR MY CALL!

AND WHEN YOU CALL I'LL BE COMING, IN A POWER DIVE, SISTER!



Mic
well
Stone
tures,
Both
stamp
fellow

People in stamps

BY EUGENE L. POLLOCK

President Roosevelt, our first chief executive to be honored on postage stamps during his life, is now only able to spend two nights a month with his stamp collection. Before Pearl Harbor he always devoted one or two nights a week to stamps. The president has more than one hundred albums, some of which were given to him by other nations as a token of their regard for the great American who is leading the world in its fight for freedom.



Guatemala Stamp Shows Roosevelt

Charles Connell, the postmaster general of New Brunswick (now part of Canada) lost a twenty-five-hundred-dollar-a-year job because he believed his face to have more "appeal" than Queen Victoria's. Some seventy years ago, Connell received orders from London to have a new five-cent-stamp design made showing the Queen. Instead of using her majesty's portrait, Connell gave the engraver his own picture and had him engrave it into the design. Before the governor of the New Brunswick province had a chance to withdraw the stamps some of them were sold. Connell lost his job and people sang songs about "losing five hundred pounds to see his face posted from place to place."



The Connell Stamp

Fat and not-very-good-looking Queen Isabella II of Spain cut off the head of her postmaster general just because he failed to tell the postal clerks that they must not put cancellation marks on the part of the Spanish stamps showing her majesty's face!



Queen Isabella II

Mickey Rooney, ardent stamp collector as well as a top-notch movie star, gives Lewis Stone, his "father" in the Andy Hardy pictures, a set of scarce stamps every birthday. Both Mickey and Lewis Stone have been stamp collectors ever since they were little fellows.

RARE AFGHANISTAN

Everyone wants stamps from Afghanistan—the hardest of all countries to get stamps from. We'll send a large size, RARE unused AFGHANISTAN stamp showing the famous KABUL MOSQUE, a very old classical, large size TASMANIA pictorial issue, unused ANDORRA, Cost-of-Arms (World's Smallest Republic), a RARE, imperforate unused old NINETEENTH CENTURY SAMOS stamp catalog value \$60; a large picturesque AFRICAN BATTLE scene, unused NEW ZEALAND "Pere Bird" stamp, an old NINETEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMEMORATIVE, new KING GEORGE issues, 10 FRANC Belgian, Swiss scenes, China "George Washington" and 100 other fine different stamps for only 10c to approval applicants. FREE 1945 STYLE STAMP EXPIRATION RULES. MILLIONS OF UNUSUED STAMPS INCLUDED! ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON.

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APPROVAL HEADQUARTERS
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
299 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Dept. 239

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MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 5-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.



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S. D. ROBERTS & CO., 314 Shaver Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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Dept. 55 GRAY STAMP COMPANY Toronto Canada



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CHARLES W. CLEVELAND, JR.
806 N. Humphrey Ave., Dept. "B," Oak Park, Ill.

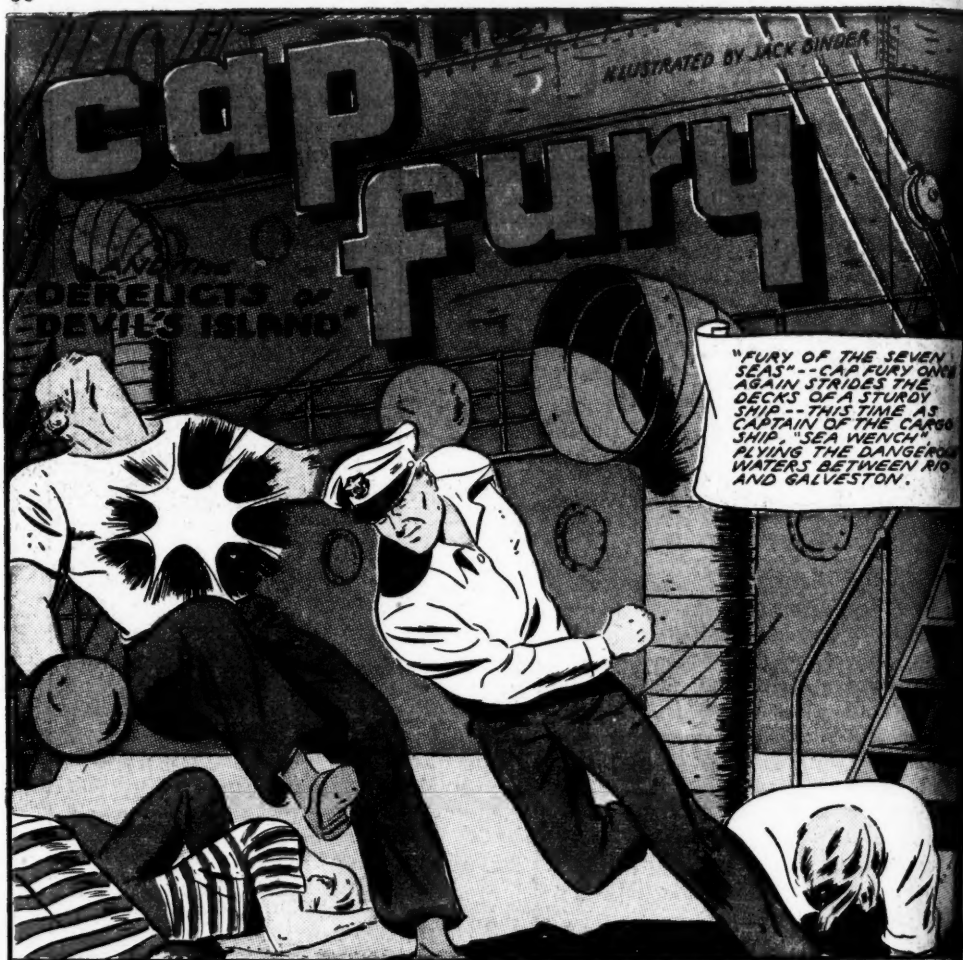
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OFF THE COAST OF NEW GUIANA A TROPICAL HURRICANE LASHES MERCILESSLY AT THE SHIP!



THE LOOKOUT SUDDENLY STRAINS HIS EYES AT A SPOT NOT 100 YARDS FROM THE SHIP.

WELL, I'M A RINGTAILED BABOON!-- IT'S A BOAT!



BOAT AHoy!-- PORT SIDE!

AHoy THERE!-- SHOOT US A LINE 'FORE WE CRASH.



**BEFORE THE SEA WENCH
CREW CAN SHOOT A LINE,
THE THUNDERING WAVES
TAKE THEIR TOLL!**

EEYAAA!

CRASH

**EVERYONE
A GONER!**

THERE'S ONE, CAP! -- BUT HE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

HEAVE A LINE
AND PRESERVER
WHEN I'VE HOOKED
HIM!

AYE-AYE,
SIR

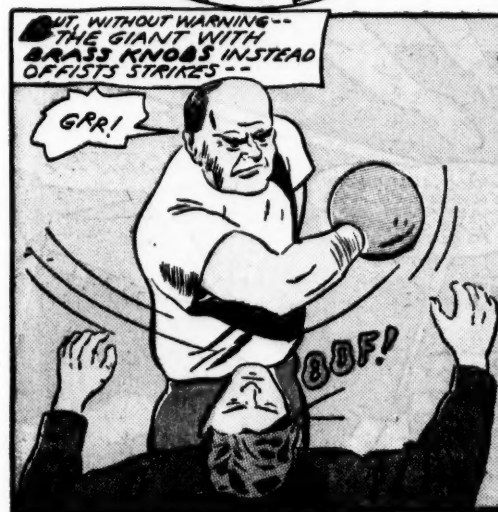
AAAAH!--JUST IN
TIME OR MY EFFORT
WOULD'A BEEN
WASTED!

**PULL AWAY, YOU
GUM-BACKS, AND
MAKE FAST OR
I'LL BE CRUSHED
TO PULP!**

GIVE EAR
TO THE CAP
AND BEND YOUR
BACKS, YOU WHITE-
LIVERED EXCUSES
FER MEN --!

**SECONDS
LATER.**
**CAP AND THE
HALF-DROWNED
BOY ARE TOSSED
AGAINST THE
SHIP :-**







TRY THIS...
ON YOUR
BREAD
BASKET!



IN THE MEANTIME, BORGH,
THE NAZI-APPOINTED MILI-
TARY GOVERNOR OF DEVIL'S
ISLAND, GIVES A SIGNAL TO
HIS CUT-THROATS!



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE DECK
IS A SCENE OF BRUTAL
CARNAGE!

BUT CAP RECEIVES A
STUNNING BLOW!

SOOT YORK, BRAZZ
VISTS! -- AND NOW
WE SEARCH FOR
OUR ESCAPED
PRISONERS!

UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE COWARDLY BLOW, CAP IS CARRIED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND WITH THE PRISONER'S SON.



SHORT TIME LATER...



ROY QUICKLY TELLS CAP OF THE EVENTS THAT BROUGHT THEM TO THE DUNGEON IN DEVIL'S ISLAND.



MINUTES LATER...



LET ME ZEE! -- EEF EET EES BAD I WEE! SEND ZEE DOCTARE!



RABBING THE GUARD'S KEYS, CAP FREES HIMSELF AND ROY.

HOPE YOU CAN USE YOUR FISTS, KID!

YOU WEEEL NOT REGRET ME!



HALT, OR I--
AWWWW!

MAGNIFIQUE!



AWWK!

GAAAK!



BUT CAP SEES THE DANGER IN TIME!



BORGH IS INFORMED OF CAP'S ESCAPE AND ISSUES ORDERS TO BRASS FISTS!

THE AMERICAN UND
DER BOY HASS EZ-
CAPED! -- KILL DEM,
BRASS FISTS -- KILL
-- KILL! ... YOU UN-
DERSTAND!

KILL! ... MAN
... MAN! ... UNK
... KILL!







The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



**BLITZED
By**

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your frowed one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

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Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



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NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 304
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

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REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS

OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



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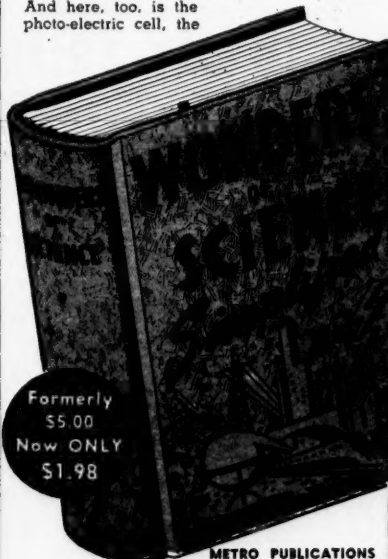
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